

# I Had TROUBLE in getting to **SOLLA SOLLEW**



By  
**Dr. Seuss**



I Had  
**TRouble**  
in getting to  
**Solla  
Sollew**

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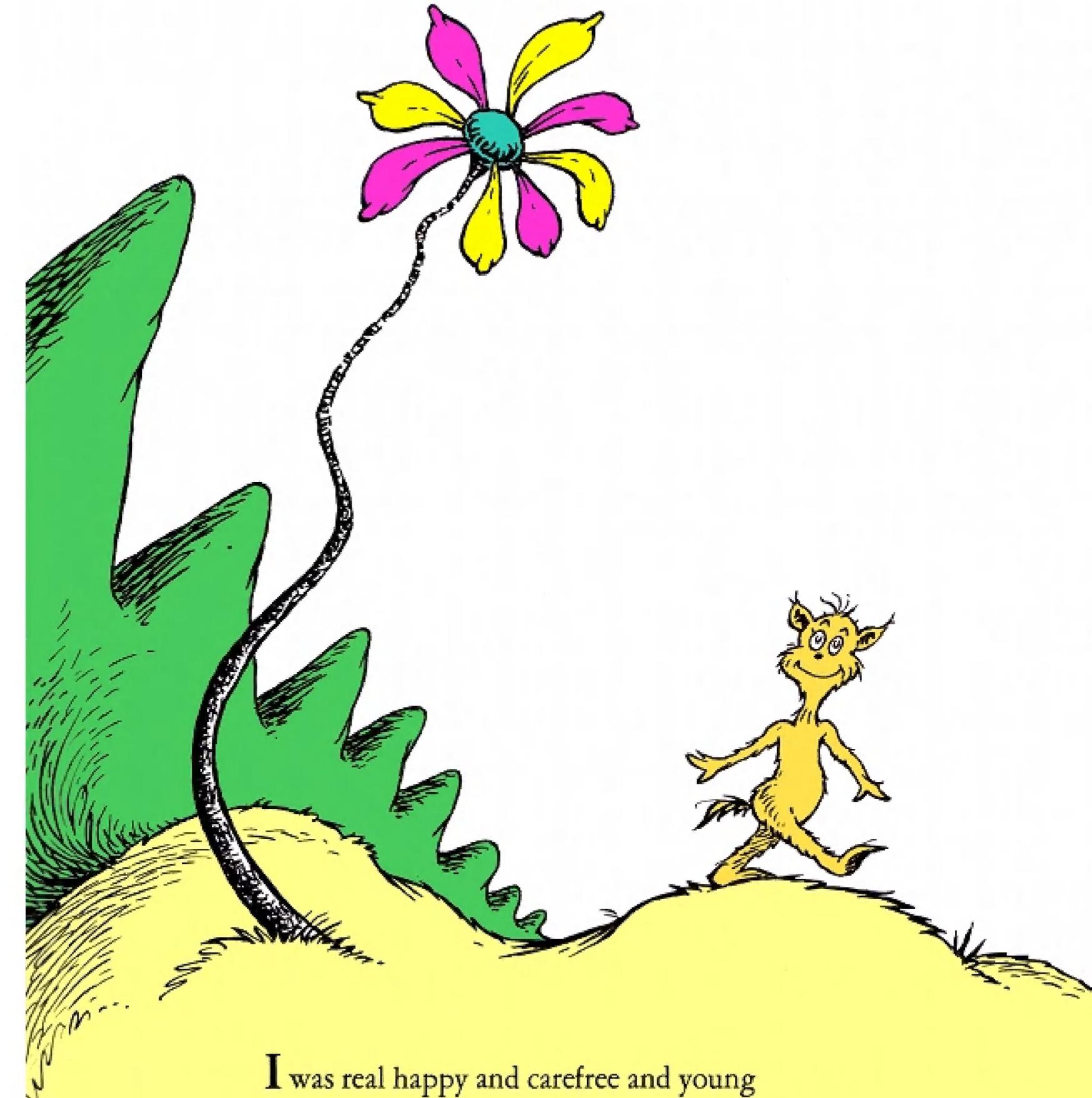


for  
Margaretha Dahmen Owens  
with love  
and with thanks

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I was real happy and carefree and young  
And I lived in a place called the Valley of Vung  
And nothing, not anything ever went wrong  
Until . . . well, one day I was walking along  
And I guess I got careless. I guess I got gawking  
At daisies and not looking where I was walking. . . .



And that's how it started.

*Sock!* What a shock!

I stubbed my big toe

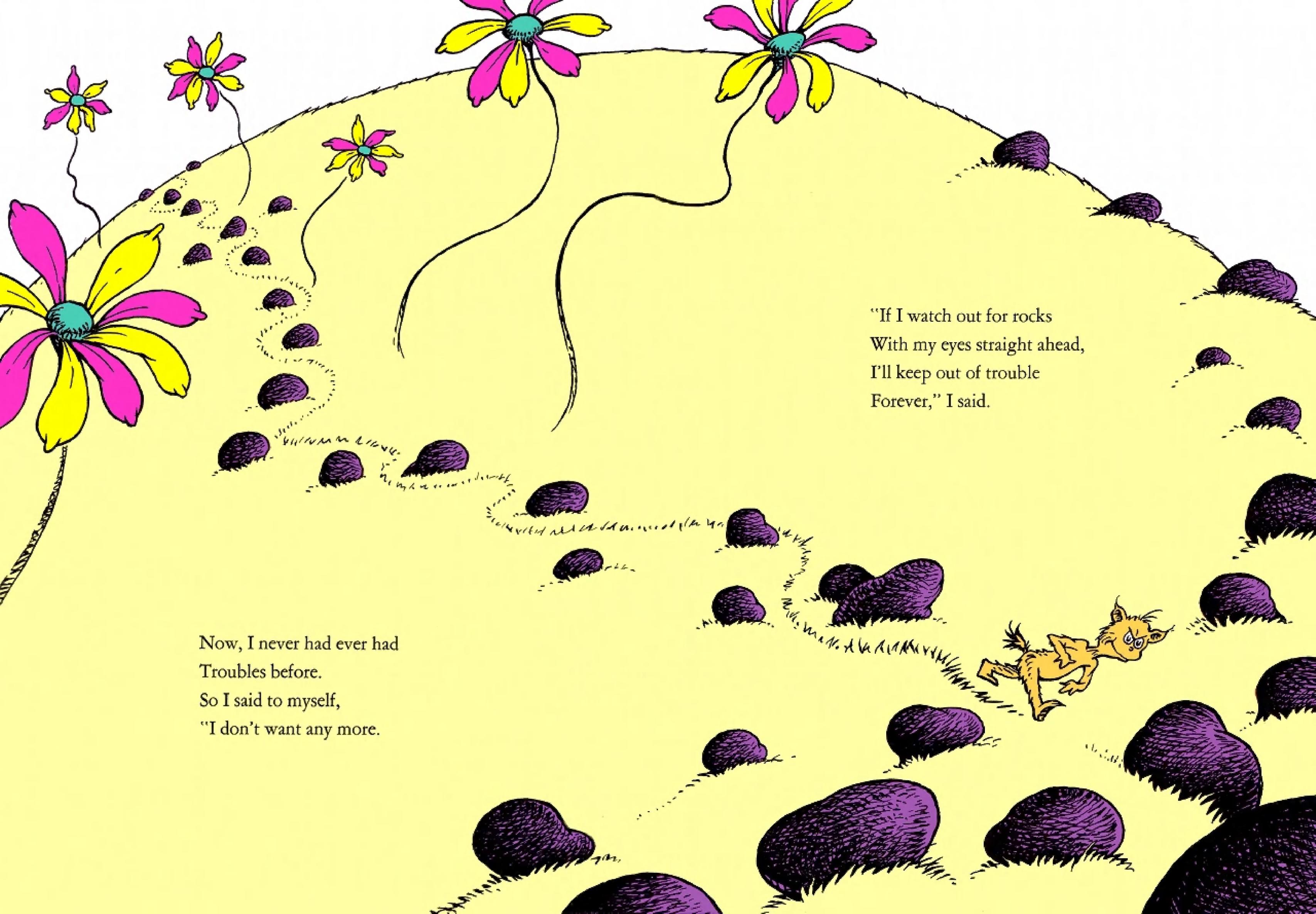
On a very hard rock

And I flew through the air

And I went for a sail

And I sprained the main bone

In the tip of my tail!



Now, I never had ever had  
Troubles before.  
So I said to myself,  
"I don't want any more."

"If I watch out for rocks  
With my eyes straight ahead,  
I'll keep out of trouble  
Forever," I said.

But, watching ahead . . .

Well, it just didn't work.

I was watching those rocks. Then I felt a hard jerk.

A very fresh green-headed Quilligan Quail

Sneaked up from *in back* and went after my tail!

And I learned there are troubles

Of more than one kind.

Some come from ahead

And some come from behind.



So I said to myself, "Now, I'll just have to start  
To be twice as careful and be twice as smart.  
I'll watch out for trouble in front and back sections  
By aiming my eyeballs in different directions."

I found this to be  
Quite a difficult stunt.  
But now I was safe  
Both in back and in front.



Then NEW troubles came!  
From *above!*  
And *below!*  
A Skritz at my neck!  
And a Skrink at my toe!  
And now I was *really* in trouble, you know.  
The rocks! And the Quail!  
And the Skritz! And the Skrink!  
I had *so* many troubles, I just couldn't think!





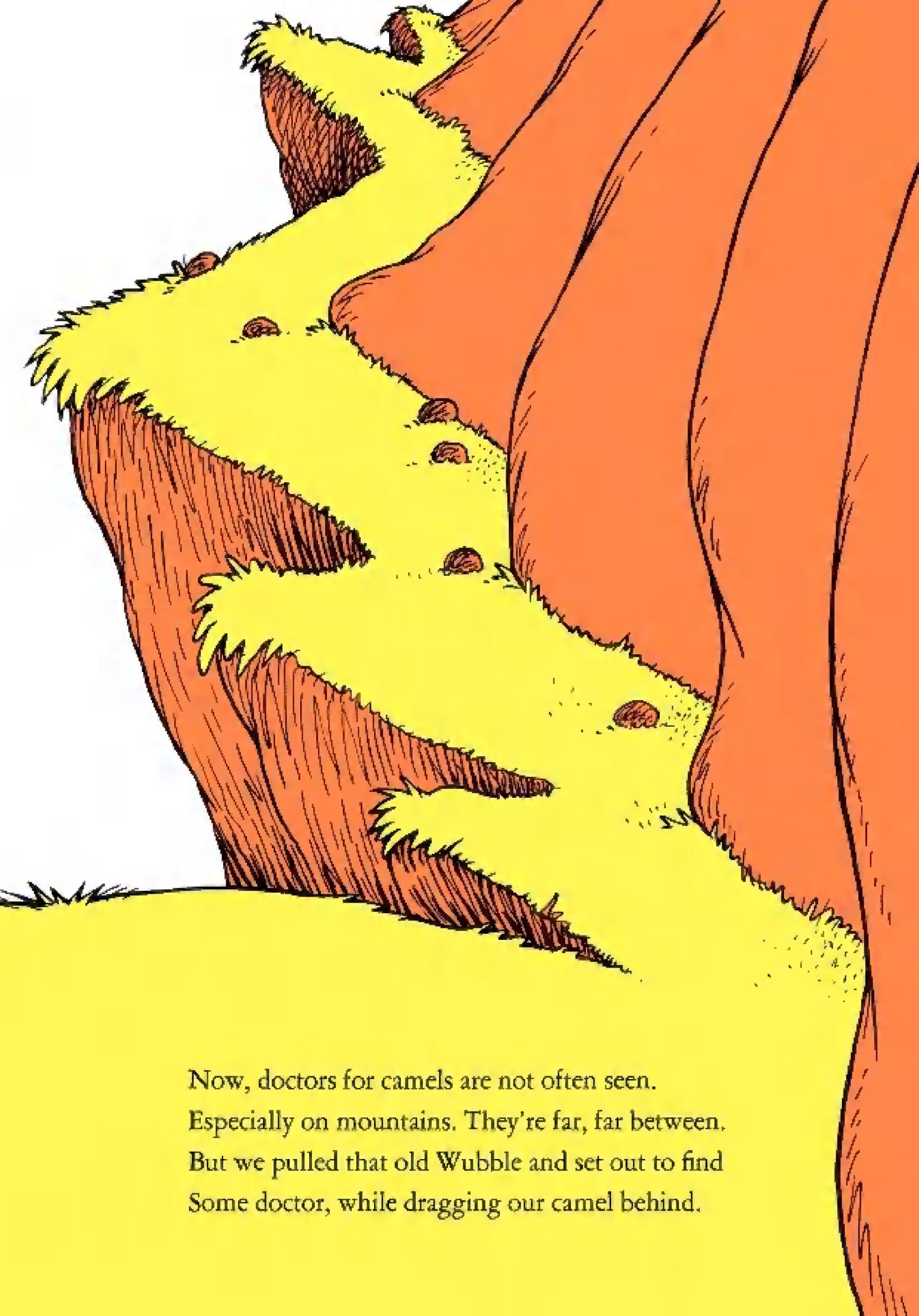
There I was,  
All completely surrounded by trouble,  
When a chap rumbled up in a One-Wheeler Wubble.  
"Young fellow," he said, "what has happened to you  
Has happened to me and to other folks, too.  
So I'll tell you what I have decided to do. . . .  
I'm off to the City of Solla Sollew  
On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo,  
Where they *never* have troubles! At least, very few.

"It is not very far.  
And my camel is strong.  
He'll get us there fast.  
So hop on! Come along!"



I jumped up behind him. Then all through that day  
The Wubble wubbed on in a wubble-some way.  
The road got more bumpy, more rocky, more tricky.  
By midnight, I tell you, my stomach felt icky.  
And so I said, "Mister, please, when do we get  
To that wonderful town? Aren't we almost there yet?"  
"Young fellow," he told me, "don't start in to stew.  
At sunrise, we'll drive into Solla Sollew  
And you'll have no more troubles. I promise. I do."

But, when dawn finally came and the darkness got light,  
That wonderful city was nowhere in sight.  
Instead of the city, we ran into trouble.  
Our camel got sick and he started to bubble.  
We had to pull *him* in the One-Wheeler Wubble!  
So there, there we were in a dreadful position.  
Our camel sure needed a camel physician.



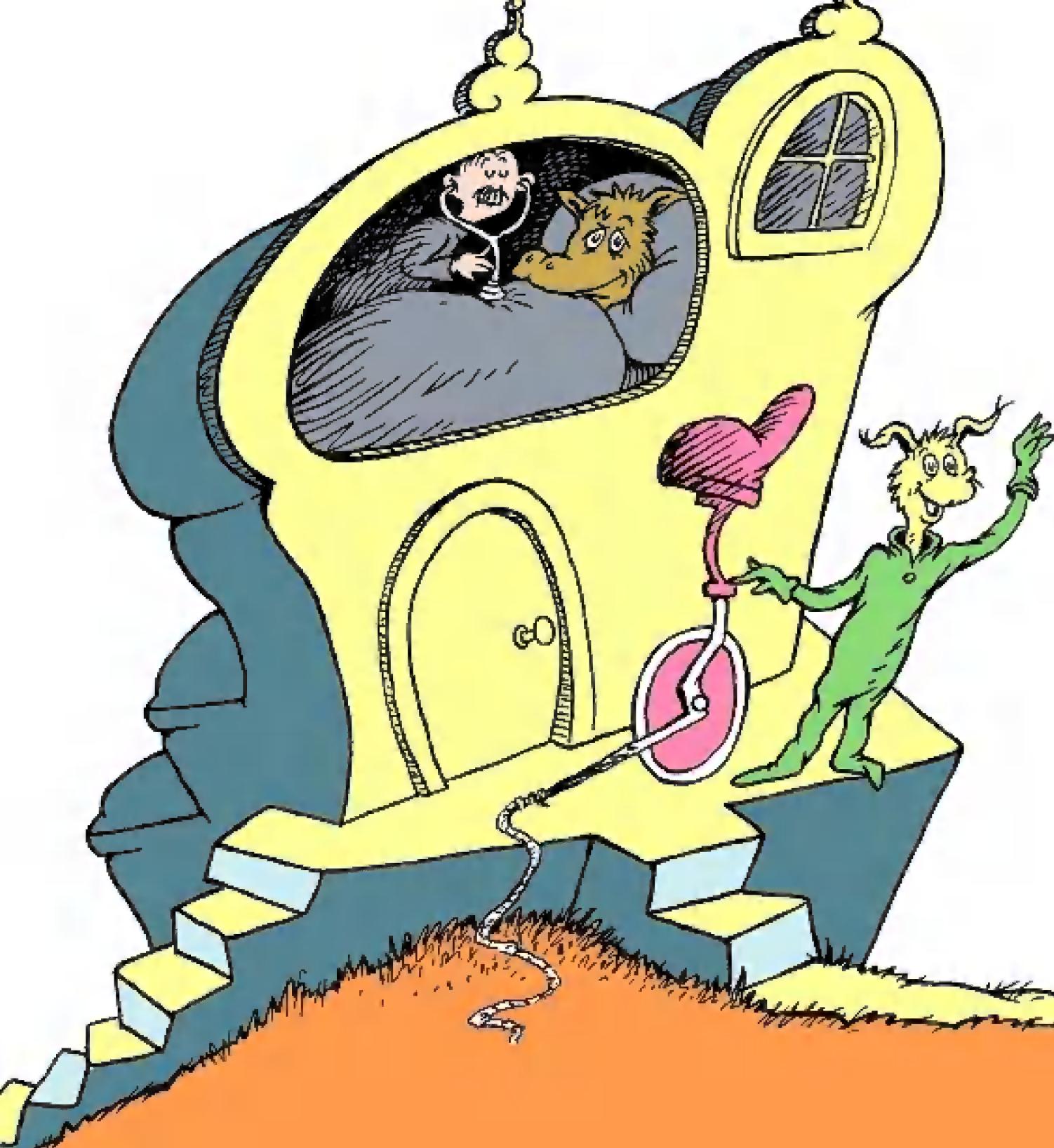
Now, doctors for camels are not often seen.  
Especially on mountains. They're far, far between.  
But we pulled that old Wubble and set out to find  
Some doctor, while dragging our camel behind.



I pulled, pulled and pulled. Then the next thing I knew,  
I was pulling the camel *and Wubble chap, too!*

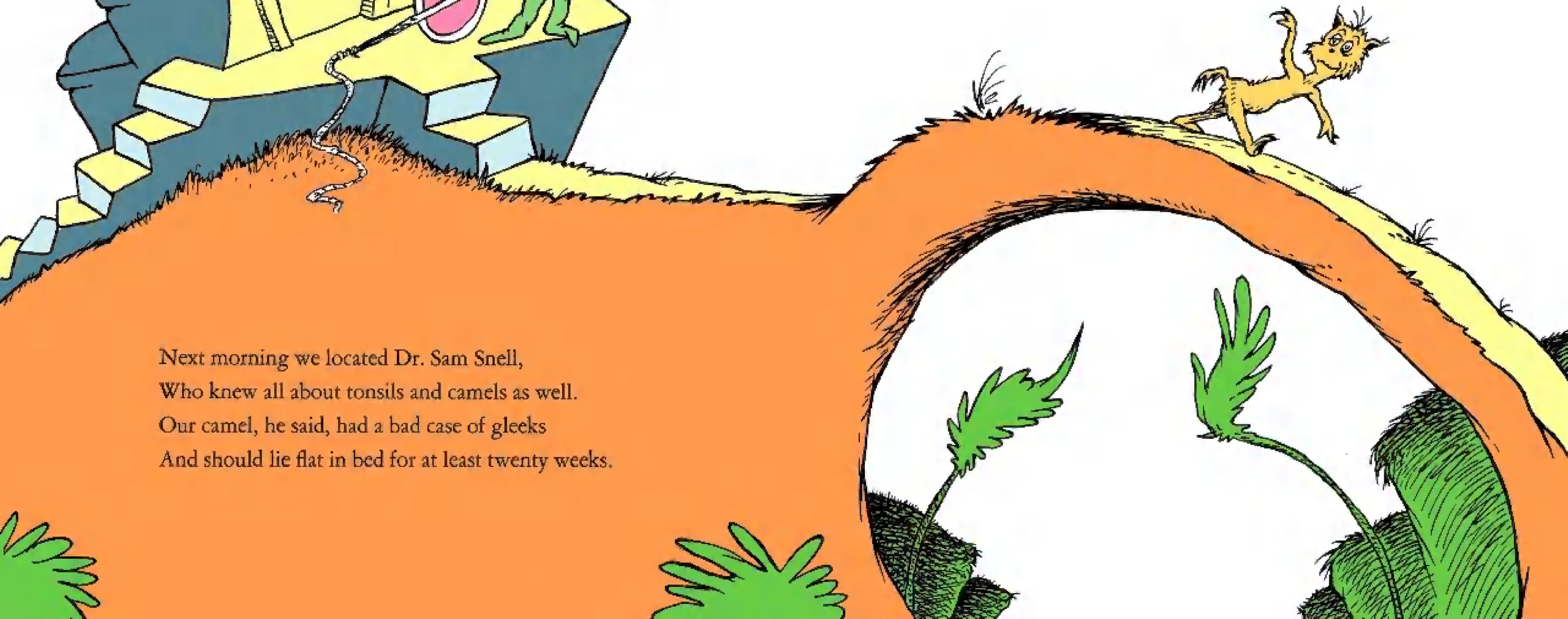
"Now, really!" I thought, "this is rather unfair!"  
But he said, "Don't you stew. I am doing my share.

"This is called teamwork. I furnish the brains.  
You furnish the muscles, the aches and the pains.  
I'll pick the best roads, tell you just where to go  
And we'll find a good doctor more quickly, you know."  
Then he sat and he worked with his brain and his tongue  
And he bossed me around just because I was young.  
He told me go left. Then he told me go right.  
And that's what he told me all day and all night.



Next morning we located Dr. Sam Snell,  
Who knew all about tonsils and camels as well.  
Our camel, he said, had a bad case of gleeks  
And should lie flat in bed for at least twenty weeks.

I was tired. How I wanted to crawl in that bed!  
But the Wubble chap sent me away and he said,  
"Your troubles are practically all at an end.  
Just run down that hill and around the next bend  
And you'll come to the Happy Way Bus Route, my friend.  
The Happy Way Bus leaves at 4:42  
And will take you directly to Solla Sollew  
On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo,  
Where they never have troubles. At least, very few."



Well . . .

The bus stop was there. And that part was just fine.  
But tacked on a stick was a very small sign  
Saying, "Notice to Passengers Using our Line:  
We are sorry to say that our driver, Butch Meyers,  
Ran over four nails and has punctured all tires.  
So, until further notice, the 4:42  
Cannot possibly take you to Solla Sollew. . . .

"But I wish you a most pleasant journey by feet.

Signed

Bus Line President, Horace P. Sweet."

So I went on by feet, thanks to Horace P. Sweet.  
And that Horace P. Sweet almost ruined my feet!





A hundred miles later  
My feet were so sore!  
THEN, wouldn't you know it!  
It started to pour!

I was drenched to the skin when a chap in a slicker  
Splashed up and he yelled, "It's the Midwinter Jicker!  
The Midwinter Jicker came early this year  
And it's not going to be very comfy 'round here.  
Any fool would get out! So I've packed up my things  
And I'm off to my granddaddy's, out in Palm Springs.  
Take cover!" he yelled. "Use my house if you wish."  
Then the chap in the slicker splashed off like a fish.



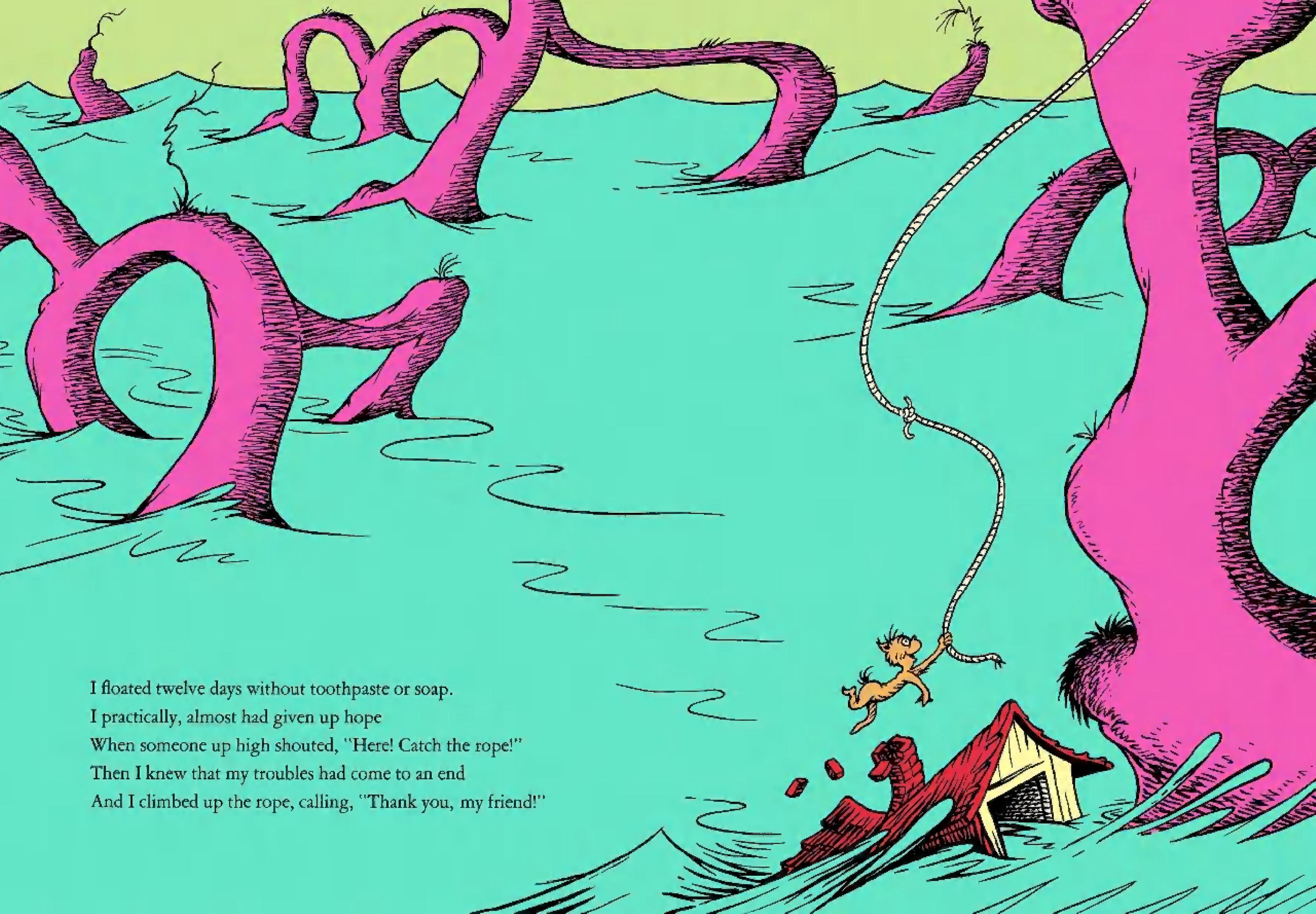
I ran in the house and I fell in a heap.  
I needed my rest, but I just couldn't sleep.  
Did *you* ever sleep, when your feet were like ice,  
With a family of owls and a family of mice?  
I listened all night to the growls and the yowls  
And the chattering teeth of those mice and those owls,  
While the Midwinter Jicker howled horrible howls.  
I tossed and I flipped and I flopped and I flopped.  
It was quarter past five when I finally slept.



Then I dreamed I was sleeping on billowy billows  
Of soft silk and satin marshmallow-stuffed pillows.  
I dreamed I was sleeping in Solla Sollew  
On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo,  
Where they never have troubles. At least, very few.



Then I woke up  
And it just wasn't true.  
I was crashing downhill in a flubbulous flood  
With suds in my eyes and my mouth full of mud  
And my nose full of water, my ears full of shrieks  
Of the owls flying off with the mice on their beaks!  
And I said to myself, "Now I really don't see  
Why troubles like this have to happen to *me!*"

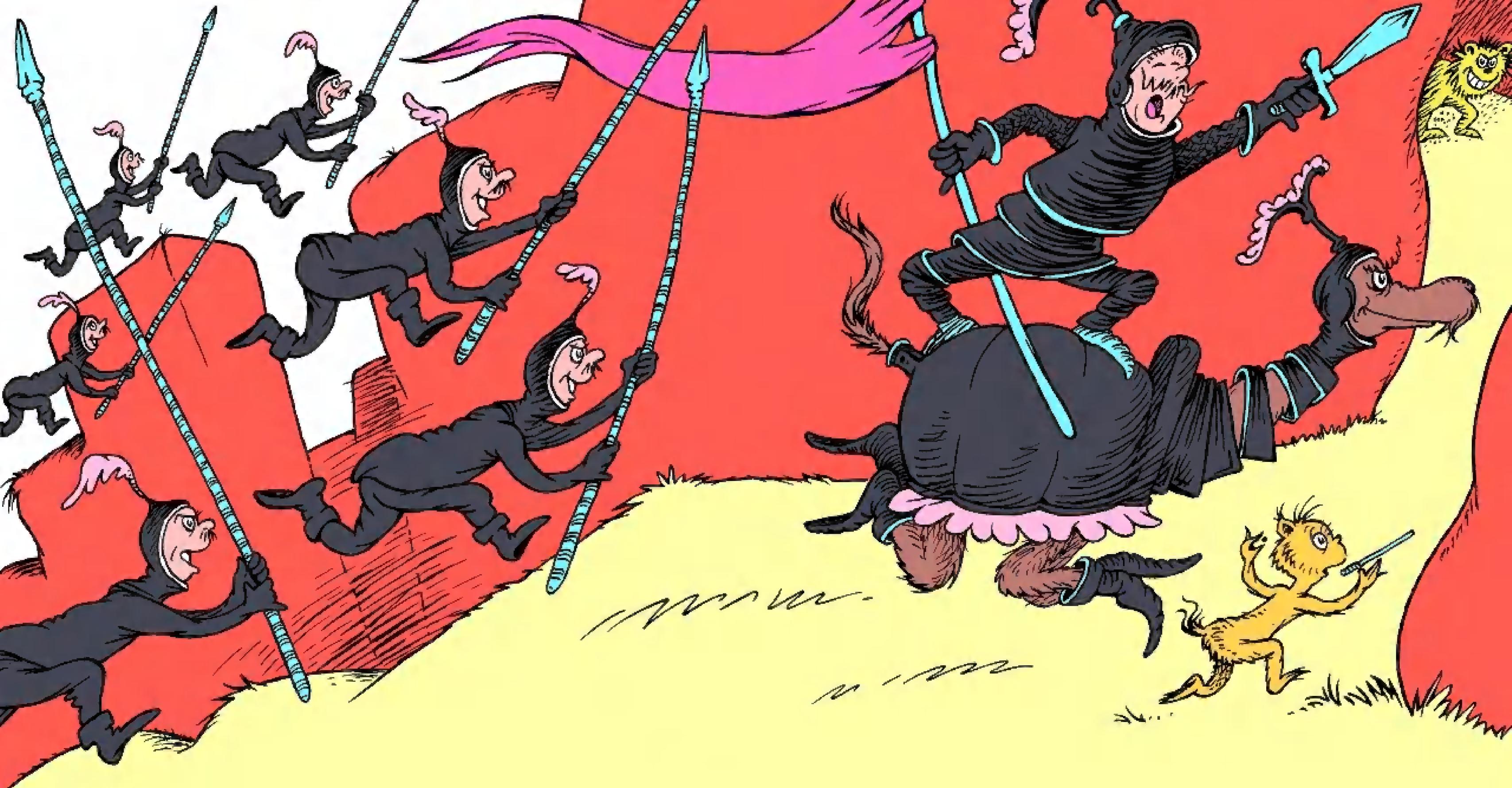


I floated twelve days without toothpaste or soap.  
I practically, almost had given up hope  
When someone up high shouted, "Here! Catch the rope!"  
Then I knew that my troubles had come to an end  
And I climbed up the rope, calling, "Thank you, my friend!"



I got to the top. But it *wasn't* a friend!  
And I saw that my troubles were *not* at an end.  
A big man on a horse scared me out of my wits.  
He bellowed, "I'm General Genghis Kahn Schmitz."

"There's a war going on! And it's time that you knew  
Every lad in this land has his duty to do.  
We're marching to battle. We need you, my boy.  
We're about to attack. We're about to destroy  
The Perilous Poozer of Pompelmoose Pass!  
So, get into line! You're a Private, First Class!"



He gave me a shooter  
And one little bean,  
Which was not very much,  
If you see what I mean.

Then he yelled, "Get that Poozer! Attack without fear!  
The glorious moment of victory is near!"  
And the glorious general led the advance  
With a glorious swish of his sword and his lance  
And a glorious clank of his tin-plated pants.



Then we went 'round a corner and found that, alas,  
There was *more* than one Poozer in Pompelmoose Pass!  
And Genghis Kahn Schmitz shouted out to his men.  
"This happens in war every now and again.  
Some times you are winners. Some times you are losers.  
We *never* can win against so many Poozers  
And so I suggest that it's time to retreat!"  
And the army raced off on its tin-plated feet.



There I was!  
With more Poozers than I'd ever seen!  
There I was!  
With my shooter and only one bean!  
There I was!  
And I thought, "Will I ever get through  
To the wonderful city of Solla Sollew  
On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo,  
Where they never have troubles, at least very few?"



I had terrible trouble in staying alive.  
Then I saw an old pipe that said, "Vent Number Five."  
I didn't have time to find out what *that* meant,  
But the vent had a hole. And the hole's where I went.



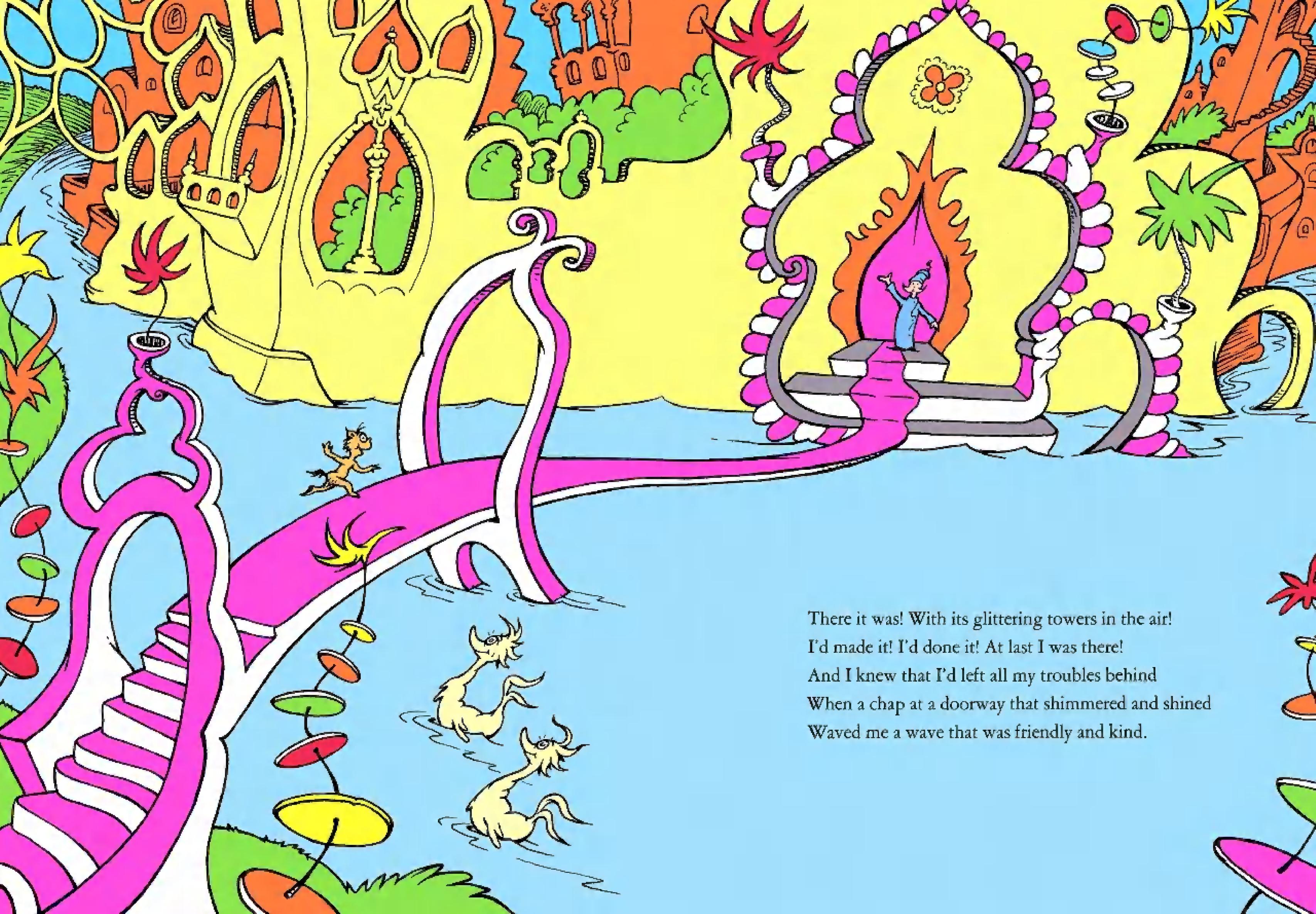
Well . . . that vent where I went  
Was a sort of a funnel  
That led me down into  
A frightful black tunnel.  
The traffic down there  
Was a mess, I must say,  
With billions of birds  
Going all the wrong way.  
They bumped me with bikes  
And they banged me with dishes.  
I ran into ladders,  
Beds, bottles and fishes.  
I skidded on garbage.  
I fell in a horn.  
*Troubles!* I wished  
I had never been born!

I was down there three days in that bird-filled-up place.  
At least eight thousand times, I fell smack on my face.  
I injured three fingers, both thumbs and both lips,  
My shinbone, my backbone, my wishbone and hips!  
What's more, I was starved. I had nothing to eat.  
And damp! Was it damp! I grew moss on my feet!

*VOTE  
FOR  
SFINDEX*



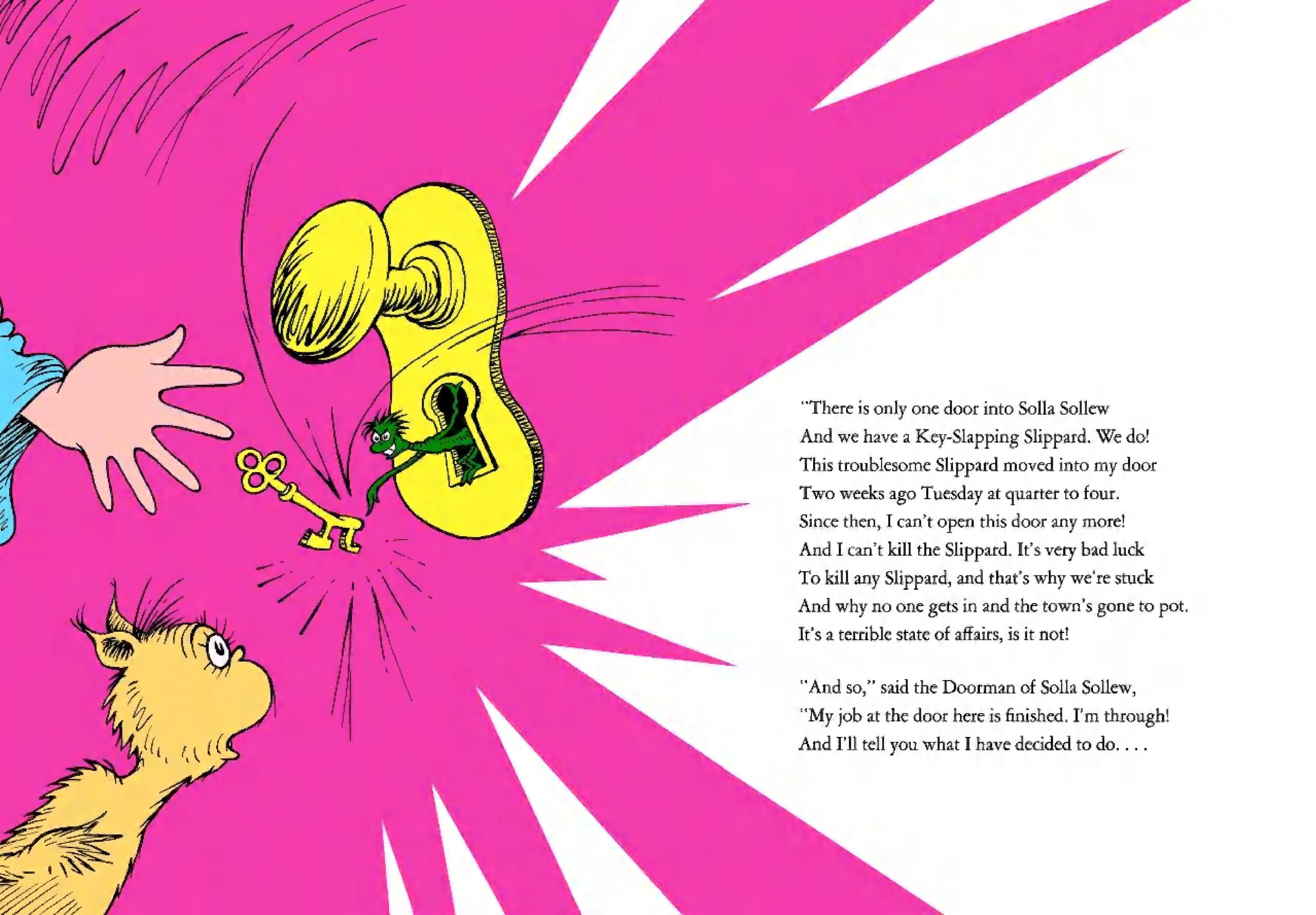
Then, just when I thought I could stand it no more,  
By chance I discovered a tiny trap door!  
I popped my head out. The great sky was sky-blue  
And I knew, from the flowers, I'd finally come through  
To the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo!  
I couldn't be far, now, from Solla Sollew!



There it was! With its glittering towers in the air!  
I'd made it! I'd done it! At last I was there!  
And I knew that I'd left all my troubles behind  
When a chap at a doorway that shimmered and shined  
Waved me a wave that was friendly and kind.

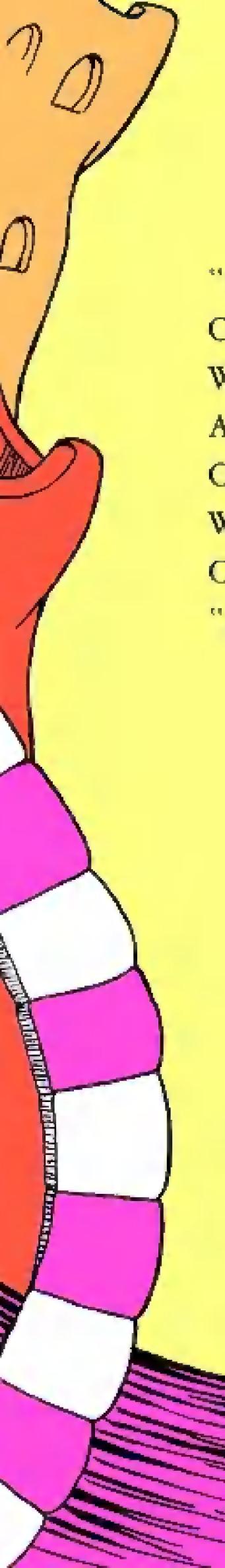


“Welcome!” he said as he gave me his hand.  
“Welcome, my son, to this beautiful land.  
Welcome to sweet, sunny Solla Sollew,  
Where we never have troubles.  
At least very few.  
As a matter of fact, we have only just one.  
Imagine! Just one little trouble, my son.  
And this one little trouble,  
As you will now see,  
Is this one little trouble I have with this key. . . .

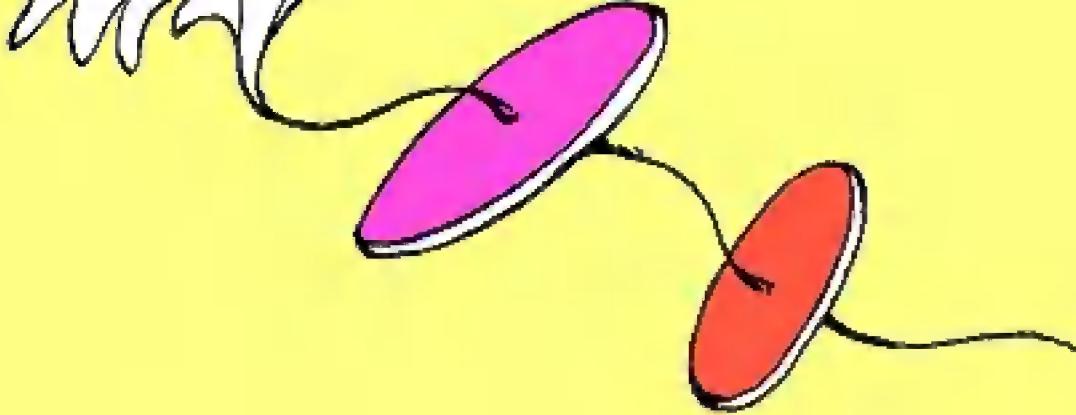
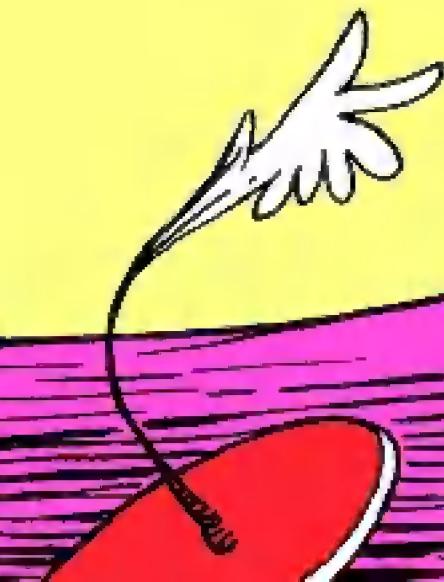


"There is only one door into Solla Sollew  
And we have a Key-Slapping Slippard. We do!  
This troublesome Slippard moved into my door  
Two weeks ago Tuesday at quarter to four.  
Since then, I can't open this door any more!  
And I can't kill the Slippard. It's very bad luck  
To kill any Slippard, and that's why we're stuck  
And why no one gets in and the town's gone to pot.  
It's a terrible state of affairs, is it not!"

"And so," said the Doorman of Solla Sollew,  
"My job at the door here is finished. I'm through!  
And I'll tell you what I have decided to do. . . .



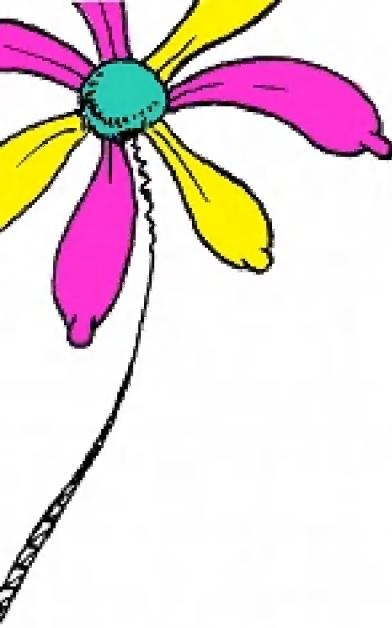
"I'm leaving," he said, "leaving Solla Sollew  
On the banks of the beautiful River Wah-Hoo,  
Where we never have troubles, at least very few.  
And I'm off to the city of Boola Boo Ball  
On the banks of the beautiful River Woo-Wall,  
Where they never have troubles! *No troubles at all!*  
Come on along with me," he said as he ran,  
"And you'll never have *any* more troubles, young man!"



I'd have no more troubles . . .  
That's what the man said.

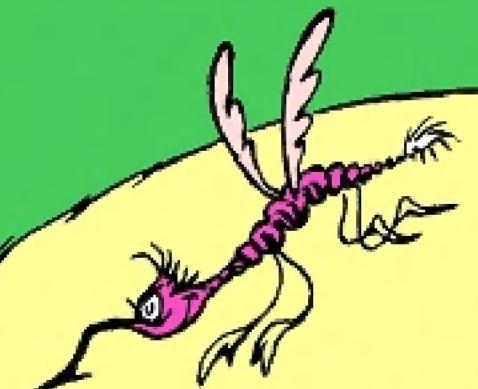
So I started to go.  
But I didn't.  
Instead . . .  
I did some quick thinking  
Inside of my head.





Then I started back home  
To the Valley of Vung.  
I know I'll have troubles.  
I'll, maybe, get stung.  
I'll always have troubles.  
I'll, maybe, get bit  
By that Green-Headed Quail  
On the place where I sit.

But I've bought a big bat.  
I'm all ready, you see.  
Now my troubles are going  
To have troubles with *me!*





# Dr. Seuss

wrote and illustrated 44 world-famous books  
for children...and their lucky parents.

AND TO THINK THAT I SAW IT ON MULBERRY STREET  
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THIDWICK THE BIG-HEARTED MOOSE  
BARTHOLOMEW AND THE OOBLECK  
IF I RAN THE ZOO  
SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPER!  
HORTON HEARS A WHO!  
ON BEYOND ZEBRA!  
IF I RAN THE CIRCUS  
HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS!  
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DR. SEUSS'S SLEEP BOOK  
I HAD TROUBLE IN GETTING TO Solla SOLLEW  
THE CAT IN THE HAT SONGBOOK  
I CAN LICK 30 TIGERS TODAY! AND OTHER STORIES  
I CAN DRAW IT MYSELF  
THE LORAX  
DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW LUCKY YOU ARE?  
HUNCHES IN BUNCHES  
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YOU'RE ONLY OLD ONCE!  
OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!  
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THE CAT IN THE HAT COMES BACK  
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THE FOOT BOOK  
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MARVIN K. MOONEY WILL YOU PLEASE GO NOW!  
THE SHAPE OF ME AND OTHER STUFF  
THERE'S A WOCKET IN MY POCKET!  
OH, THE THINKS YOU CAN THINK!  
THE CAT'S QUIZZER  
I CAN READ WITH MY EYES SHUT!  
OH SAY CAN YOU SAY?